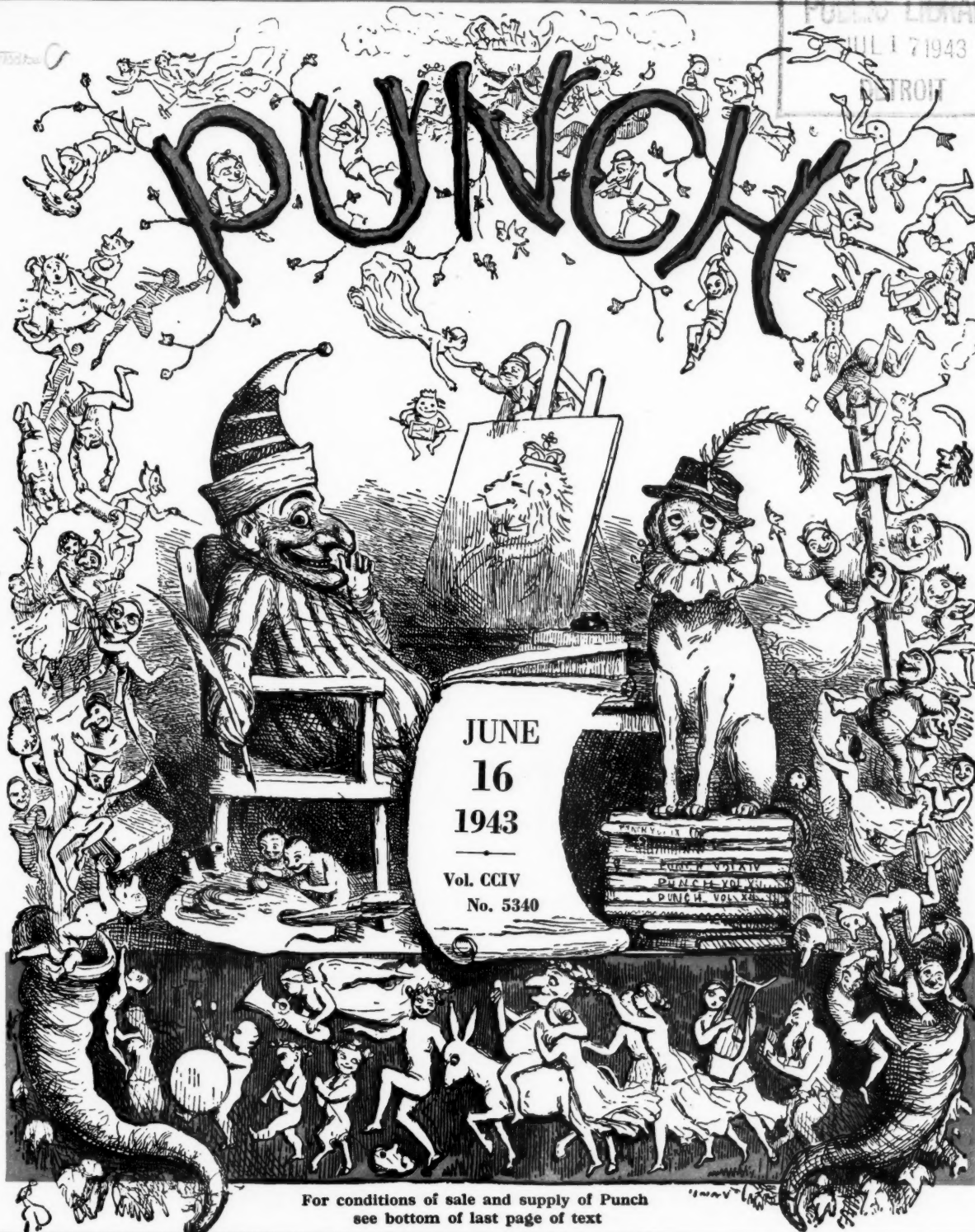


WINNERS  
ON  
'POINTS'

## HUNTLEY &amp; PALMERS BISCUITS

SUCCESS  
THROUGH  
QUALITYJUNE  
16  
1943Vol. CCIV  
No. 5340For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

Player's Please





**D**ELIGHTFULLY cool, creamy and refreshing . . . yet exceptionally sustaining and invigorating . . . 'Ovaltine' mixed Cold is an ideal summer drink for everyone.

By preparing it as a cold drink you lose none of the important nutritive elements which have made 'Ovaltine' so widely popular as a health-giving food beverage.

Scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods 'Ovaltine' provides nourishment to body, brain and nerves and helps to build up reserves of strength and energy. For this reason a glass of Cold 'Ovaltine' will do much to make light summer meals more nourishing and revitalising.

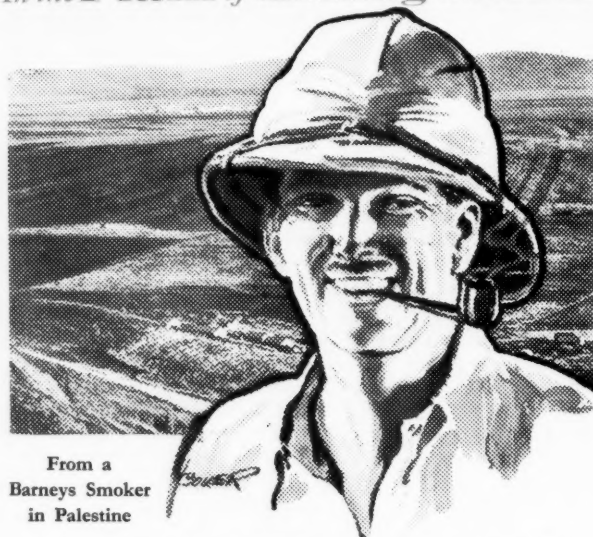
Cold 'Ovaltine' is easily prepared by adding 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, or milk and water, and mixing thoroughly with an egg whisk, or in a shaker.

**Ovaltine** MIXED **Cold**

P613A



## In the Plain of Armageddon



From a  
Barneys Smoker  
in Palestine

"... stationed as I am in the Plain of Armageddon, it is very difficult to obtain Tobacco. I was fortunate enough to see in a small Arab shop some 1-lb. tins of Barneys. Although I have tried many brands, I have not come across one with the same even smoking and flavour of Barneys, which was in a state of freshness that can only be described as amazing."

JOHN SINCLAIR'S

# Barneys

Barneys (medium)  
Parsons Pleasure (mild)  
Punchbowl (full), 2/9½ oz.

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for flying  
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The suits were designed by Baxter Woodhouse and Taylor Ltd., (Queen's Buildings, Stockport), incorporating, amongst others, Irving Patent No 407445.





"No-button vests," Matilda said,  
"Give Britain great advantage,  
If you would see a Second Front  
Adopt this newer frontage!"

The sooner you ban buttoned vests  
And slip-on ones agree to,  
The sooner we shall buttonhole  
Both Hit and Hirohito!"

*Wolsey*

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### LOOK THROUGH YOUR BOOKSHELVES

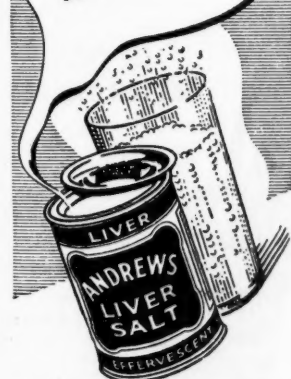
Up-to-date books on Medicine and Dentistry  
Dictionaries, Grammars and Readers in all  
languages, especially non-European.  
Up-to-date editions of Classical texts.  
Travel and Biography.  
Games, Sports, Horses, Dogs (especially  
Borzoi).  
Commercial Art, technique of Drawing and  
Painting, good reproductions of Pic-  
tures, e.g. Phaidon Press.  
Complete Shakespeares in one volume.  
Encyclopedias in one volume.  
Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.  
Robinson's *Economics of Imperfect Competition*

The Secretary, Educational Books Section, Prisoners of War  
**RED CROSS & ST. JOHN WAR ORGANISATION**  
**THE NEW BODLEIAN, OXFORD**

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Waters have been carried to  
all parts of the world.

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demands, not only the elimi-  
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under a National Label. There-  
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after 150 years' continuous  
service, will not be available  
until after the war, when they  
will return with Victory.

**Schweppes**  
Table Waters





Most of us take 'the chemist' for granted. We go to him for advice and always receive kindly, skilled, attention; we take the doctor's prescription to him, knowing that it will be accurately dispensed. This faith in the chemist is fully justified, for he is a highly trained expert and a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is a most important part of the country's health organisation. As an expert he knows the value of the preparations which he sells over the counter.

For more than forty years  
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**TOOTH PASTE**

## Housewives v. U-boats!

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### What do I do?

I support my local Authority's Salvage drive to the utmost.

I redouble my salvage efforts, and put out regularly every scrap I can find—of paper, metal, bones, rags, rubber and kitchen waste.

I do not mix different kinds of salvage, but keep them in separate heaps or containers.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by  
the Brewers' Society

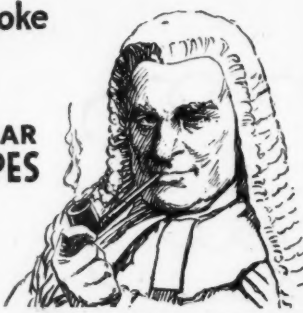
All shrewd Judges smoke

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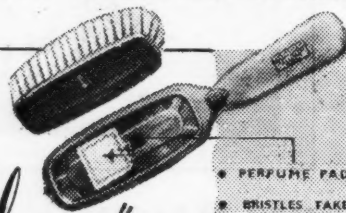
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Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

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LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S  
MORE THAN ME!



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own.

Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8d. an ounce.

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*On active service  
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*Oh, why  
didn't he have  
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relined!*

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FERODO LIMITED · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH

pocket  
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Skirts

Smart women to-day prefer "Gor-ray" Skirts not only because they are well made and stylish, but also because they have the ZWOW. A combined pocket and placket, the ZWOW will carry your handkerchief, loose change, and other articles and give you a neat, unbroken hip-line without buttons or other fasteners to cause bulkiness. There is no wiser return for clothing coupons. Drapers and stores everywhere stock "Gor-ray" Skirts in a variety of designs and materials.

All the better with the  
**'Zwov' Pocket Placket Fastening** ..  
Issued by: C. STILLWELL, Royal Leamington Spa

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To-day there is a spirit of offensive in the air—offensive against all those things which cause misery and unhappiness in this world. And one of the greatest of these is Cancer. Before another year has gone many people in this country will have fallen victim to that terrible disease. The fight against the scourge must be carried out with even greater vigour. Now, when our resources are taxed to the uttermost, we must appeal to YOU for practical support on this vital front. Please send your gift NOW.

The Royal  
**Cancer**  
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to H.M. The King

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*Biscuits  
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Unfortunately not at present obtainable everywhere  
but, as thousands will be glad to know, they'll be  
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**They do the whole outfit—  
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OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

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*In shades of brilliant hue  
piped contrasting colour.*

**WALK  
THIS WAY**

To dryness and comfort, Clarks add merit three  
Their wooden soled shoes are now hinged as you see  
They flex to your tread—and you walk at your ease,  
But supplies are restricted, so be patient please.  
When you're lucky enough to possess such a pair  
Preserve them by keeping the treads in repair.

Made by C. & J. CLARK LTD. (WHOLESALE ONLY) STREET, SOMERSET,  
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**For Extra Smartness  
the shoes of more  
and more officers  
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**NUGGET**  
MILITARY TAN  
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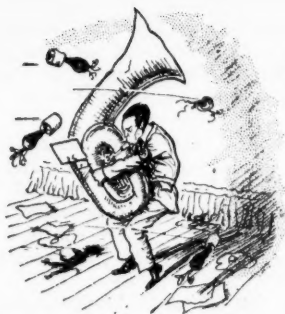
**ALSO  
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USE SPARINGLY - THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED



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AIR CORPS**

NJO



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5340

June 16 1943

## Charivaria

It is thought possible that the rising marriage-rate in Scotland is due to a belief in that country that two can live as cheaply as one.

In sporting circles there was a certain amount of fear that the Second Front might clash with the Derby this year.



A General Election is to be held in Eire this month. When it is over, peace will be resumed.

A correspondent says that when sitting in Hyde Park recently he was dumb-founded when a parrot alighted on his shoulder. Especially when the bird crossly inquired "Where are the — railings?"

### Impending Apology

"As an added threat, Mr. T. H. O'Neill delivered some of his famous recitations in his own inimitable manner."

*Newfoundland Paper.*

Many former railway passengers from a suburban station now cycle or walk to work. They often look in on the booking-office clerk to inquire whether his journey was really necessary.

A burglar who broke into a wine and spirit shop consumed a bottle of sherry. Customers declare he must have brought it with him.

Hitler has the London Sunday papers read to him every week. Now the astrologers have disappeared he has to rely more and more on *Mein Kampf* to get an idea of what isn't going to happen.

The Spanish newspaper campaign to the effect that R.A.F. bombing is doing no good is believed to have been inspired by Goebbels. Well, he should know.

There were sixty-five entrants for the most beautiful nose contest during a "Wings for Victory" week in the south of England. Several more are said to have turned up after the award was made.

It is suggested that Mussolini might welcome a separate peace with America. Or even with Italy.

We read that a Nazi official was thrown into a dust-bin in a Paris suburb. This only shows there's a place for everything.



Hungary is taking a firm stand with Germany regarding the use of the Hungarian State railways. Germany must find it strange at first being a satellite.

Utility furniture is proving very popular. A correspondent says he obtained a very comfortable arm-chair for purposes of amateur strategy.

### Town and Country Planning

"Grim, tough, resolute, implacable Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, scourge of Germany, gave the Germans this grim picture of the future at High Wycombe yesterday."

*Sunday paper.*

A man was taken into custody because he insisted on making a violent political speech on a London railway station. The Marble Arch, of course, is the recognized platform for blowing off steam.





## Paratroops

**W**E who drop out of the clouds, a sheer plunge before floating,  
Flung to the whim of the currents below the free fall,  
Gather our limbs for the land, conscientiously noting  
Points of assembly and cover to harbour us all.

Out of the hatch we are hurled, and the body that bore us  
Fades to a shadow, its murmur a breath of the breeze;  
Weather and earth and the passage of arms are before us;  
Battle may blaze before half of us rise from our knees.

Time may be lavish instead ere we come to close quarters;  
Fortune may smile on our "stick"—and conceal our intent;  
Winds may be kind in conveying machine-guns and mortars;  
Then shall the foe feel the force of our cloudy descent!

Sprung from the shadows that hid us, our armed apparitions  
Rush the defence where it's weakest and all unaware.  
Only the dead and the thunder of swift demolitions  
Tell the stark tale of the spoilers dropped out of the air.

Out of the sky we must come, daring death and disaster,  
Wooing the hope of great glory by courage untold,  
Hard on the heels of the storm, riding fiercer and faster,  
Hung from the fabric of fate—we can feel it unfold.

## From Him that Hath Not . . .

**T**WO years ago I drew the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the difficulty of living on what was left of an income after he had taken it all. I am sorry to report that this appeal was wholly ineffectual; and further—though this may well sound incredible—that the Chancellor, not content with the pleasure and instruction he derived from my article, actually *charged* me for writing it. I shall now retaliate by revealing some of his more recent manoeuvres; and if this exposure achieves nothing I shall be compelled, much against my will, to resort to the last and deadliest weapon of a democratic society—I shall write to my M.P. about it.

Not that I blame the Chancellor in the least for doing what is, after all, his bounden duty. But I also have my bounden duty to consider: to preserve my own life and, if humanly possible, those of my wife and children as well.

Until 1941 his method was simply to prevent any of my earnings from reaching me. My employer, a most humane man, was able to give me a kindly shake of the hand at the end of the month, but that was all. This process of plain honest robbery has continued—no doubt rightly—ever since. But in the autumn of 1941 I had to let my house and so acquired a secondary source of income. The Chancellor was naturally most incensed when, after a few months, he heard of my good fortune.

His opening move in the campaign of 1942, however, revealed nothing of his true feelings. It was a direct frontal attack which cost me a certain proportion of my resources but left my reserves intact. I did not realize that this was a mere feint; I paid over the £x demanded by Collector H and began to make free with what was left. I bought my children some of those staple foods which hitherto I had only been able to afford for myself;

I discontinued the clandestine sale of my wife's clothing coupons. My generosity was untimely, for very soon I received a demand for exactly the same amount, £x, from Collector J. I sent him H's receipt and hoped the episode was closed.

But then, quite by accident, I noticed an interesting point. It so happened that, besides my rent, I had another small item of external income I had been persuaded to reveal to the Chancellor. The two amounts as stated on my return of income were quite different, but when adjusted in his occult manner for taxation purposes they became identical.

This was a master-stroke. He had undoubtedly studied my character with great care. He foresaw that I should be quite unable to distinguish between the demands relating to these two items, that I should be too idle to obtain expert assistance and too easy-going to post time-bombs to him and his minions. Any payment I made could always be represented either way at his convenience. He had gained the initiative and had me at his mercy—a word he does not understand.

I waited hopefully for the twenty-one days allowed me by Collector J, but when his next demand, printed in blue, arrived and ordered me to pay *WITHIN TEN DAYS*, I gave in and sent him the cheque. His receipt duly arrived—the Chancellor is scrupulous about receipts—and by the same post came also a demand for the payment of £x from a new and sinister figure, Collector K.

I was instinctively scared of Collector K, but of course I did my best to ward him off. I sent him J's receipt and informed him that I had already paid the money twice. I wrote to J and said I presumed that H's receipt was of no further interest to him, if indeed it had ever been of any, and would he therefore send it to K? I wrote to H begging him to forget the rules for once and make a straightforward statement of the facts to both J and K, particularly K. The only response I had from this vast expenditure on postage was a second demand from K to pay *WITHIN TEN DAYS FROM THIS DATE*.

I paid K three times in the end, and on the whole was glad to close the 1942 campaign with the loss of only £5x. At one time it seemed likely to be more, for both H and J tried second demands, but they had not the pertinacity of K and I held them off. As far as I could estimate, my total profit from both sources of income was reduced to less than the amount I had spent on postage. And I have a theory that the Chancellor gets a useful rake-off from the Postmaster-General for promoting the sale of stamps; so he may well in the end have achieved his main object—a tax of one hundred per cent.

It would have satisfied most people, but not the Chancellor. A few days ago I received a demand from J for the immediate payment of about £½x under the heading "letting furnished house." It related to the year 1941, and I could not help admiring the thoroughness of a man who, just as the new season was opening, would spare the time to reopen the past and find out exactly when my rents began to come in. Meanwhile I remain devoutly thankful for that subconscious instinct which prompted me two years ago to accept, in defiance of common sense, a ridiculously low rent for my house. I have just written to my tenant asking if he can manage to live rent-free for a time, until I can afford to shoulder my full financial burden once more.

### Bizarre Situation

"Lady with flat boy aged 3 Desires refined Person to housekeep Husband in Forces."—*Advt. in Birmingham Paper.*



**MARE NOSTRUM**

"Gets more like old times every day."



*"I do hope you will like the district. Will you tell your husband that according to the street rota he's fire-watching to-night?"*

### *The Prospect Behind Us*

THE Brigadier's mind ranged over five thousand miles or so as effortlessly as a Liberator and almost as silently. The Liaison Officer with whom he was talking, a young subaltern fresh from home, had conjured up a picture in his mind. He closed his eyes and allowed his imagination to operate freely.

"Suffolk, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said the Liaison Officer, glad to be the bearer of a bit of England to this corner of a foreign field. "Just near Sealswold."

"Sealswold, eh?" said the Brigadier. He usually repeated in this manner anything he was told, in order to impress his hearers with the lightning acuity of his perception. "Sealswold, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said the subaltern.

"I built myself a little cottage just outside Sealswold once," said the Brigadier dreamily. The Liaison

Officer said "Did you, sir?" politely, but the Brigadier no longer included him in his conscious horizon. "Just a little place," he mused. "Three bedrooms, couple of other rooms, usual offices and all that—what? Bathroom and so on, you know. Empty now. Been empty since before the war, actually. Thatched roof, too," he added challengingly.

"Thatched roof, eh?" said the subaltern mentally. Aloud he said "Really, sir? Rather pretty."

"Pretty, yes. Damn pretty. But the garden was the thing. Not very big. Quite small, actually. Laid the whole thing out myself. There's the house, there—" The Brigadier indicated a piece of air with his right hand. "Cream limewash, with all the doors and the shutters and the—and the drain-pipes chrome yellow. And then the thatched roof—what?" He sketched out the roof with his arm.

"Reed thatch, not straw. Got a man down from Norfolk to do it because there wasn't a thatcher locally." The entire campaign in the Middle East had faded from his mind.

"Here's the garden, y' see." He indicated another piece of air, adjacent to the first and rather larger in area. "Just a small garden in front of the house—a tamarisk hedge along the front, a herbaceous border down here, and the rest of it grass, with formal beds of salvias and aubretias and so on. Tennis-court over here. Garage. Hollyhocks—what?"

"Hollyhocks," said the subaltern—"rather decent." The picture which the Brigadier was painting for him was becoming alarmingly distinct. "Actually—" he began.

"Then behind the house," the Brigadier continued, ignoring him, "here, the garden went right down to the sea. At least, the garden didn't,



there was a hundred yards of bracken; but it was the same thing. Just sloped down gently, and then there was a splendid sandy beach. I put up a little bathing-hut—what?"

"Yes, I remember the beach," said the Liaison Officer.

"You remember, eh? Lucky chap. Wish I could see England now. Then there was a big beech-tree here——"

"Actually——" said the Liaison Officer again.

But the Brigadier proceeded with the detailed description of his garden. He recalled seriatim the plants in the herbaceous border, with notes on where he had obtained them and when they were at their best. He dealt with the sunken garden and the rockery, and the difficulties he had encountered in inducing the water to stay in the goldfish-pond, and the several histories of all the rock-plants. He rehearsed the name of every rose-bush and expounded its life-story. He catalogued the contents of the kitchen-garden. He even included detailed references to the tool-shed and the incinerator. The Liaison Officer said "Actually——" once or twice during the recital, but the Brigadier went on with all the inexorability of a Sherman tank. When he had finished, the picture was complete and explicit.

"I can show you a photograph of the little place," the Brigadier said, and did. He showed the Liaison Officer several, and they only confirmed that embarrassed young officer's worst suspicions.

"Actually," he said, "I know the house very well, sir. In fact it's the house I had my platoon headquarters in in the summer of 1941. Only I'm afraid——"

"No, really?" said the Brigadier. "Good gracious me! The house you had your platoon headquarters in, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Only I'm afraid we—had to make one or two changes. Of course we didn't do more than was absolutely necessary, but, well, sir, I'm afraid you might find it a little different. For instance, there's the anti-tank obstacle——"

"Anti-tank obstacle, eh?"

"It goes right across the garden at the back, sir. You see, with such a beautiful beach to land on, we had to have something. But it's only about eight feet deep, sir, and I shouldn't say more than twelve feet across."

"Did you have to dig up the rose-bushes?"

"I'm afraid it's affected pretty well everything," admitted the subaltern. "We did leave the tennis-court, because we thought we could use that. Only

"ITALY," said Metternich, "is a geographical expression."

That was before the day of Garibaldi, maker of modern Italy, lover of Freedom, friend of Britain. Now the wheel has come full circle, and the Italy of Mussolini, enemy of Freedom, foe of Britain, lies in the dust. But what of the day when the strutting braggart struck at beaten France? Do you remember General Wavell's men and their feats of arms? Admiral Cunningham's at Matapan? And the Fleet Air Arm at Taranto?

#### MUSSOLINI WON'T FORGET !

Many of the heroes of these battles did not return: many are in hospital; the rest are eagerly waiting to engage and defeat a still more evil foe.

#### HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN

to send a contribution to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4? Send now to show your appreciation and gratitude to our magnificent fighting men.

then the sappers came along and put up a dirty big concrete pillbox on it, so we couldn't, sir, actually." He wondered if he ought to tell the

Brigadier about the slit-trenches in the formal beds of salvias and aubretias, the loopholes in the walls, the Dannert wire and mines on the splendid sandy beach. But probably he would be quite sufficiently unpopular without that. Really, it was the most unfortunate coincidence. "I'm frightfully sorry, sir, but you do see——"

The Brigadier, however, seemed remarkably little affected by these unhappy revelations. "Ah, well," he remarked tritely, "we all have to make sacrifices in war-time, don't we—what? And anyway," he added, putting the photographs back into his wallet, "I sold the place to the A.A. & Q.M.G. last month, so you see it might really have been quite a lot worse."

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#### Explanation

"Temporary Assistants can in no way compare with their established counterparts. Compare or rather contrast the salaries and rights of a T.A.(C) with D.C.O.1, T.A. with J.E.O., and Senior T.A. with Senior Clerk. Not too good from a T.A.'s point of view, is it? A D.C.O.1 can earn more than a Senior T.A. two grades higher. The qualification of 200 hours in four weeks is meaningless. The average four-weekly hours of T.A.s in No. 1's anyhow is more like 240 or 250. In any case, when 200 was exceeded in the case of an established man, they go back for payment and in full. T.A.s have a bar so that a Senior T.A. gets no more than a T.A.(C) because, although there is a range, the start is always the minimum."

Letter in "Civil Service Opinion."



"Take three dehydrated sheep . . ."



"Well, Mr. Simpkins—brought your usual Colorado beetle for me to identify?"

## Nice Types

II

ON any R.A.F. station you will find, under the C.O. whom we discussed the other week, every sort of Air Force nice type, each with a different sphere of activity. This activity may be either genuine or symbolic; or merely illusory—just a sort of mirage due to the C.O.'s passing. Closest to him perhaps of all these nice types is

### THE STATION ADJUTANT.

The Station Adjutant always has an outer office adjoining that of his C.O. This is so that he can pop in quickly. It is also so that he can prevent anyone else's popping in quickly—till he has given them a spot of third-degree stuff as to why they want to pop.

He is, in fact, a sort of mixture of go-between, breakwater, filter, watch-dog, trusted retainer and scapegoat.

As go-between he will advise and act for A.C. Plonk if he wants to see the Station Commander. He also plays the part of master of ceremonies and effector of introductions when Plonk doesn't want to see the Station Commander in the least—but darn well has to.

In his rôle of breakwater he takes the first shock of the waves of requests, queries and problems which surge in from all directions. The majority dash themselves to pieces against his rugged defence and expend themselves harmlessly on his office desk.

In the rôle of filter he reduces the

stream of written verbiage, both from above and below, to the thin trickle worthy of a C.O.'s attention.

As watch-dog he protects the C.O. from frivolous complaints or complainants. Such a frivolous complaint, or complainant, may well be an indignant but attractive young lady who missed her handbag in the local the previous night and thinks an airman may have picked it up as well as her, anyway a girl's got to stick up for herself these days, he had black hair and was called Bill, is he one of your lot?

And finally, as trusted retainer, the Adjutant gets a kindly word when things go right; while as scapegoat he gets several quite unkindly ones when they go wrong.

Among the most noticeable and irritating of the Adjutant's habits is that of dashing swiftly into the C.O.'s office with files, having short mysterious conferences, and dashing out again so rapidly that he almost meets himself coming in. Many people think this is quite unnecessary and is done just to impress others.

One of those who thinks this and is naturally unimpressed is

### THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT.

The Assistant Adjutant sits in the same office as the Adjutant but has a smaller table in a poorer light. He also has many more routine files, lists, forms, and orders; and a pen with a crossed nib because people who have

to sign the leave or duty-book are always borrowing it.

The Assistant Adjutant's job is, as you might guess, to assist the Adjutant. He is generally a Pilot-Officer, frequently an elderly one; but sometimes he is a warrant officer, which is more terrifying. Sometimes he, or she, is a young W.A.A.F. of the rank of A.S.O., i.e., Assistant Section Officer, or Pilot Officerette. Not always though. Many adjutants have complained that though her job is to help him in his work, she frequently only succeeds in unconsciously distracting his attention from it.

Not far from the Adjutant and his team of helpers there is in the H.Q. office block the lair of a very important nice type indeed. This is

### THE STATION WARRANT OFFICER.

Like peasants who live at the foot of Mont Blanc or Vesuvius, so do the airmen on the Station exist uneasily under the shadow of the Station Warrant Officer's fierce and awe-inspiring figure. Looking as if they were going to be overwhelmed any minute by an avalanche or an eruption—and how right they often are!—they tremble when he passes. If they are doing nothing they start busily doing anything. If they are doing something they at once stop doing it, because they're bound to be told it's wrong.

For the Station Warrant Officer has "Powers." He is the Being who says whether any seven days in an airman's life shall be spent on leave or confined to barracks. He throws out applications for passes like a bank cashier chucking aside dud pound-notes. He signs clearance chits for kit. He may even take parades. He has had bags of previous service in the R.A.F., and probably in the R.F.C. as well. To the erk in the Air Force the S.W.O. is the reincarnation of that now almost legendary figure—the old-time Army sergeant-major. He is, in short, a Forceful Personality.

In the lower ranks, indeed, there is a school of thought, headed by A.C. Plonk, which holds that the S.W.O. is just as important as the Group Captain Commanding. And Plonk personally feels that if ever the Group Captain wanted to arrange one thing and the S.W.O. wanted to arrange another, the only way out would be a compromise—in which the thing arranged would probably be the other! But then the S.W.O. is more frequently in contact with Plonk and his friends than is the Group Captain; and the devil you know, thinks Plonk, is worse than the devil you don't know. But he is careful only to think it—not to say it out loud. A. A.

## As Others Hear Us

"MUMMIE, shall I show you a card-trick?"

"Yes, do, darling."

"Shall I too, mummie?"

"Yes, darling, do."

"Is yours the same as mine, John?"

"I don't know. What is yours?"

"I'll have to whisper, so that mummie won't hear, otherwise it would spoil it."

"You're tickling me."

"No, I'm not. Listen: mine is the one where the person says 'Think of a card' and the other person thinks of a card and doesn't tell the first person what it is and then the first person deals and the other person has to remember and they tell you what it is."

"Oh, yes, I know. Mine is quite different. It's the one about the three knaves and you put them into the pack—no, that's wrong, you deal the pack first and then you have the three knaves, and I rather forget what you do then, but they all turn up in the end."

"Oh, yes, I know. Mummie, shall I do mine first or shall John do his?"

"Whichever you like, darling."

"I think Julia'd better start, mummie, because by then I may have remembered a bit more how mine goes."

"Very well."

"Well, now, look: here are the cards . . . oh, these are the wrong ones! These are Happy Families. I suppose I couldn't do it with Happy Families . . . no, I'm sure I couldn't. Now, John, you think of a card. Don't tell me which one."

"All right. I really meant to think of the ace of hearts but it isn't there."

"The queen of diamonds is my favourite."

"Oh, is it? Then shall I think of the queen of diamonds?"

"Okay. Oh, I forgot. I'm not supposed to know which one you think of. Think of another."

"All right, I've thought. No I haven't. At least, I'm going to change. Now I've thought."

"Wait a minute, I've dropped the cards. Now then, what comes first? I think I spread them all out or something. Yes, that's right. Now, you see those three rows?"

"Yes."

"Well, which one of those three rows is the card you thought of in?"

"I don't know. I didn't know I had to know."

"Oh, yes, you have to know and tell me which row only not which card. I'll deal them again. Now which row is the card you thought of in?"

"The middle one."

"Okay. Wait a minute because I've forgotten what I do next. I'm not sure I haven't done it wrong. No, I don't think I have. Are you looking, mummie?"

"Yes, darling."

"I always think it's marvellous the way grown-ups look at things while they're doing other things like writing letters and things. Now, wait a minute. I do hope I haven't forgotten. I think this is right. Which row is it in now, John?"

"Is what in?"

"Your card that you thought of."

"Oh, in that one. At least, I think it is. I wasn't noticing much, really."

"Well, anyway we'll say it's that one. Mummie, you do think this is a good card-trick, don't you?"

"Yes, darling. Very good."

"Now, wait a minute. . . I'll just deal them one more time. Now which row is your card in, John?"

"The end one."

"That's marvellous. Shut your eyes a minute, mummie, because I'm not perfectly sure if I've got this right. Oh, dear, I've dropped the cards again . . . Now I'll tell you the card you thought of, John. The seven of clubs."

"No."

"Then it was the knave of hearts."

"No it wasn't."

"I must have gone wrong somewhere. Are you sure it wasn't the knave of hearts?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Well, look here, I think I'd better begin again from the beginning. You think of the same card, John."

"I've forgotten which one it was."

E. M. D.



Mervyn Wilson.

"I presume the guard will tell me should I happen to interfere with any troop movements."





"I suppose, actually, you would describe yourself as a *vagranti*?"

## The Phoney Phleet

XXIII—H.M.S. "Kew"

**B**EFORE the war the 8.15  
Conveyed no gardener as keen  
As Lillywhite. 1st class or 3rd,  
All season-ticket holders heard  
His moving monologues on shrubs,  
His talks on aspidistra-grubs  
And how he pruned his Sauerkraut.  
Accordingly, when war broke out,  
And Lillywhite joined up, their grief  
Was tempered somewhat with relief.

He joined the Navy; his idea  
Was that he oughtn't to be near  
The land, and gardens, since they might  
Take his attention from the fight.  
The opposite of course came true;  
Unslaked, his ruling passion grew  
Into ungovernable lust.  
He treasured particles of dust  
And hoarded them to make a tilth;  
He gathered beastly harbour filth,  
The floating refuse of the docks,  
And kept it in a special box  
He labelled "Humus." Then at last  
All caution and pretence were cast  
Away, and, yielding to his need,  
He went and bought a primrose seed.

His subsequent descent was swift.  
Large pots of Candytuft or Thrift  
Adorned the quarter-deck and lots  
Of Catmint and Forget-me-nots  
Grew in the scuppers; while around  
The mast Wistaria was wound.  
Beneath each scuttle Scented Phlox  
Thrived in a tidy window-box:

Ferns hung from the triatic stay.  
And a most wonderful display  
Of Roses round the wardroom door  
Was rivalled by an even more  
Luxurious uprush of Beans  
Well-rooted in the magazines.  
In fact his ship, H.M.S. *Kew*—  
Sorry, I somehow thought you knew—  
When summer came could not be seen  
Beneath a waving mass of green  
Through which her people had to grope  
To use a gun or telescope.

Tricked out like this, and while she lay  
At anchor in some tropic bay,  
A German raider took her for  
A portion of the near-by shore.  
The Jerries hadn't touched the land  
For months on end, and so they manned  
Their boats, and shortly all their crew  
Had disembarked upon the *Kew*,  
Where, climbing up the runner-beans,  
They satisfied their need of greens.

Inside this jungle nothing stirred.  
The British sailors hadn't heard  
The coming of the enemy  
And, as I've said, they couldn't see  
What happened in the outside world.  
So, therefore, when some Nazi hurled  
A surplus marrow into what  
He thought was virgin bush, it got  
A look of stupefied surprise  
From Lillywhite's two blackened eyes.  
But just before they closed he saw  
A German sailor's hairy paw  
Embracing the asparagus  
Around the after-turret. Thus  
The ship was warned in time. Her crew,  
Wielding their secateurs, cut through  
The vegetation all around  
And so the Hitlerites were drowned.

Lillywhite spurned the D.S.O.  
But said politely "Thank you, no;  
Since gardening has brought success  
Please may it be F.R.H.S.?"

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## They Don't Want Custom.

**T**HE bell rang in the outer shop, and the youth who was cutting my hair craned up to see through the glass-topped door. As he subsided again he savagely closed his scissors and puffed "Oh, *fffiddlesticks*!"

The door opened and a naval petty officer came in cheerfully. The youth glared at him, the girl who was cutting the hair of the man next to me gave him a brief glance. The lance-bombardier who was waiting said "We're unpopular 'smorning. They don't want custom."

"No?" said the petty officer, sitting down.

"Seems they want to clean the windows or something. Takes a bit of working out, though."

"Want to clean the windows?"

"Sounds funny, doesn't it?"

The girl said to her colleague: "But *why* can't you be off this afternoon? What does he want you upstairs for?"



"If you find a penny in the pie, Sir, will you tell me if it's heads or tails?"

"A perm," said the youth explosively, jabbing at the back of my neck with the clippers.

"What time?"

"Two, she said she'd come. But they never do."

The girl made a careful follow-through over the top of her customer's head and said "So you'll be up there when the procession goes past."

The youth grunted.

"But you'll be able to see it better."

"What—from the back room? He won't have any work in the front room."

The lance-bombardier observed to the petty officer "Though I must say the windows could do with a clean, here and there."

"I don't get all this about the windows," said the petty officer. "What have these windows at the back got to do with the procession?"

"It all fits in," said the lance-bombardier.

The shop-bell rang again, and the youth pulled one or two small hairs out of the back of my neck as he convulsively stood up to look through the door.

As he bent down again, hissing with annoyance, another man came in, and the petty officer and the lance-bombardier could be seen looking at him calculatingly, to decide how hairy he was. He proved to be a brisk red-faced elderly man who at the sight of the girl at work remarked "Ha! So your sign outside states the truth at last. First time in twenty years."

Two or three of us stared at him, and he quoted complacently "LADIES HAIRDRESSING GENTS." This drawing no applause, he sat down and began to turn over two or three tumbled newspapers.

The girl said "Well at least you can open this one, then it won't show. But they've got to be done to-day some time."

The youth abandoned his clipping and discontentedly went and stood up on a chair to pull down the smeared

upper half of the big sash-window. Then he leaned with his arms on the top of the two halves of the window, looked out across the yard, and began to giggle.

"Oh, you are," the girl said. "What's the matter now?"

"It's the old man," said the youth, meaning the proprietor. "He's trying to make a thing to stand some chairs on upstairs. He's got two cats there and he looks like Noah."

"Chairs? Has he got some people coming in to see the procession?"

"Of course."

"But it's an ordinary Wings-for-Victory Week procession isn't it? Who's in it?"

"The whole shoot's in it," said the lance-bombardier. "Our band's in it, and I've got to have my dinner at half-past eleven, so if I can't get a hair-cut soon—"

With an exasperated sound in his throat the youth stumped down from the chair and returned to his work on me. He had forgotten his place and went back to the scissors, which was just as well, I thought; until the shop-bell rang again and with an involuntary gesture, seeing who it was, he narrowly missed my eye with them.

"Er—" I said.

But he was occupied if-looks-could-killing the man who came in: a fat friend of the elderly man's who at once took up what had apparently been an earlier conversation about the watering of potted plants.

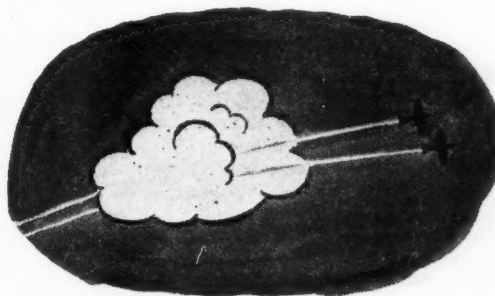
"They ring if they don't want water," he declared, "and they give out a dull sound if they do. Just tap the pots, like that. I've got a bit of broom-handle I run along the pots with every day."

"Like playing the marimba," suggested the petty officer. The two older men stared at him coldly; as they did at the lance-bombardier when he remarked "We've got a bit of broom-handle too. But we're expected to keep the floor clean with ours."

A hush fell as the girl seemed to be performing mopping-up operations, and the lance-bombardier sat forward, hands on knees, ready to make a leap for her chair as soon as it was empty. The mercurial youth at work on me made a few snips in the air and observed hopefully: "Well, if nobody else comes we *might* have time to get the windows done this morning and then I *might* be able to watch this afternoon if the perm doesn't last—"

Growing more cheerful, he put down his scissors and took up a razor, seeing which I hastily said "Thanks," got up, paid and went out. I did go so far as to stand on the outer step of the shop and open and shut the door a few times before I went away; but probably the next customer was not seriously injured, if at all.

R. M.



"I remember the time when you could ALWAYS flush a Heinkel there."







### REVEILLE

"Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!"



"I'm sorry, Sir, no SEVEN-league boots—only three-league Utility."

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, June 8th.**—House of Commons: Churchill's History of the Great War (Continued).

**Tuesday, June 8th.**—There is something about a great Parliamentary occasion which not even the most thrilling of events outside can rival. The air becomes filled with the stuff of history. Members sit almost breathless with excitement. People in the public galleries seem to fear to move lest they miss some significant happening. Even those imperturbables, the diplomats, crowd into their gallery and lean forward eagerly—almost (but never quite) showing excitement too.

And so the atmosphere of suppressed excitement builds up, until it becomes almost intolerable in its intensity, and the whole House, and often (in defiance of all the rules) some "strangers", cheer lustily as the Prime Minister appears.

So it was to-day. Long before the eagerly-awaited statement by the Prime Minister on his talks in Washington with President ROOSEVELT, and in

North Africa with many other world-famed people, was due to begin, the House was crowded.

Ambassadors sat huddled together in what one of them describes as their "war pack"—for temporary galleries are always somewhat crowded. Cabinet Ministers were less lucky. Early arrivals got the seats; later comers had to be content with what was left.

Lord SIMON, the Lord Chancellor, for instance, had to hear the speech from a precarious-looking perch on the canopy of the Throne. Lord BRABAZON (doubtless crying "Excelsior!") mounted yet higher and appeared on the highest pinnacle of that impressive erection.

Field-Marshal WAVELL, red-tabbed and bronzed, sat facing the Prime Minister's Cabinet colleagues as they squeezed on to the Treasury Bench. Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, hurried in and turned the Ministerial housing situation into a

crisis. However, they all crowded up a little more and left a space opposite the Dispatch Box for the Premier.

As soon as prayers were over Mr. Speaker read out an apt prologue to the business of the day. It was a wireless message from General EISENHOWER, Allied Commander-in-Chief in North Africa, thanking the House for its vote of thanks on the North African triumph.

This message had been received, said the General, with pride. Now, strengthened by Parliament's encouragement, the Allied armies looked forward with increasing confidence to a future of still greater effort and achievement, to the complete and final destruction of the Axis.

And so to a dull Question-time, with nobody taking much notice of the queries, everybody with one eye on the door behind the Chair. At last, a roar of cheers, spreading slowly over the House, announced that the Premier had personally blasted the dam of excitement by arriving at the door.

In he strode, with Brigadier HARVIE WATT, his faithful A.D.C., by his side. He beamed round at the cheering

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

M.P.s, cast a not-too-pleased glance at the few Members who stood up and waved Order-papers (a form of greeting he does *not* like) and sat down. A moment later Mr. EDEN moved the adjournment and Mr. CHURCHILL was up again.

It was a carefully-phrased statement, perhaps even more eloquent in its omissions than in what it actually said. But it was the "atmosphere" of the speech that left a deep impression. It was one of carefully-leashed optimism about the future, of deliberately-restrained belief in the inevitability of victory.

It seemed, in fact, as if he were giving his official approval to this admirable piece of policy enunciated earlier by Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister: "I won't accept any principle unless I am in a position to carry it out in practice."

But somehow one felt that, despite his caution, *this* principle Mr. CHURCHILL felt well able to carry out in practice.

It was clear, said he, that the war in North Africa had ended far earlier than HITLER had planned, and that we were now faced with new fields of endeavour. This fact brought more responsibilities in its train, and he had thought it necessary to go to the U.S.A., with a retinue of nearly 100, to talk to President ROOSEVELT—that "illustrious President."

He made no prediction about what was to happen in the future—still less the immediate future. Except this: that the object of the Allies would be to bring to bear on the Axis force in its most complete and violent form. It was evident that amphibious operations on a peculiarly complicated scale were approaching, and he could (or would) give no guarantee as to what would happen. Our prospects were bright and solid. And neither Parliament nor Congress would have cause to find themselves ill-served by their Forces.

In Tunisia, British losses had been severe: 37,000 killed, missing and wounded. But—the total of Axis prisoners was 248,000, and at least another 50,000 were killed, half of them Germans. The grim balance-sheet at once saddened and elated the House, for of such is victory made.

Only 638 of the enemy had made a "Dunkirk" exit from the Tip of Tunisia, from the scene of surrender.

The British and the Americans were easy-going, said Mr. CHURCHILL, but, once roused, they stiffened the sinews, summoned up the blood and—let the foe have it. And have it the Axis would, from the air, ceaselessly, mercilessly; from the sea; from the land.

The more they whined the more effective they proved our assault to be, the more it would mount. We were slowly strangling the U-boat menace, designed to strangle *us*.

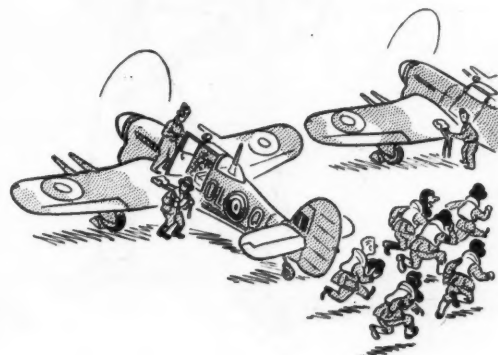
Twice the Prime Minister hinted at the possibility of political collapse in Germany. But twice he added a cautionary proviso against building too much on that hope. We should win, if need be, by hard fighting—and that alone.

All this had been said with scarcely a gesture, with little use even of inflection. Suddenly, Mr. CHURCHILL

swung wide his arms, raised his voice. With flashing eyes he paid tribute to the strength and power of Parliament in this total war. How it belied the Dictators' taunt that Democracy could not fight a war, win a victory!

And that was how it ended, this remarkable, long-awaited statement. One felt that if chapter heading were needed for this latest addition to "Churchill's History of the Great War," there could be none more appropriate than:

*"Prelude to Victory."*



*—Brookbank*

*"Have a word with Carter about improving his sprinting—otherwise we'll have to ground him."*





"Now you'll remember that back in '40, when you 'adn't got weapons, you was taught 'ow to use 'em. Well, this course in unarmed combat will teach you 'ow to get along without 'em now you've got plenty of 'em."

### For Invalids Only

**B**EFORE I had been in hospital many days I was so eaten up with curiosity about the bodies in the other cubicles—for to see a rice-pudding carried in to a man or a spent thermometer carried away from him gives you but a feeble idea of what he is like—that I sent out the following, to which plenty of good blank foolscap was attached:

"GENTLEMEN,—Circumstances beyond our control deny us the pleasure of getting to know each other better than one can by bawling

pleasantries through two layers of thick curtain. It occurs to me that we might partly remedy this, and in addition provide ourselves with more amusing reading than the lamentable periodicals we circulate, if we were to produce a magazine of our own. Will Colonel Bagshot in No. 1 cubicle please open the batting and then pass to Canon Transept in No. 2, and so on from there? Any sort of contribution will be O.K. but do not, I beg you, let us be tempted to try to bring a blush to Sister's cheek. Query: *How does one?*"

I appointed my darling Nurse Celandine contact-girl on condition she showed me each piece as soon as it was finished.

Colonel Bagshot went seriously off his food for twenty-four hours, was given a stomach-pump and then had to be heavily drugged. Next morning, however, he threw off this gem while still under the influence:

"I have a little garden  
In which I sit and think.  
I love the calceolarias,  
I love the roses pink,

I love the giddy chiff-chaff  
And all the singing throng  
That makes my hedge so dear to me  
As long as day is long.

But most I love the cabbages  
Which save our sailors brave,  
By filling us in place of what  
Must come across the wave."

I had expected something with more bite and ferocity. Yet who knows but, shorn of narcotics, the Colonel's mind may open on quite different vistas?

Canon Transept hit a much more virile note:

"After I had been twenty-seven years in Uganda I had still never succeeded in bagging a bongo (*Boocercus euryceros*), though I had had magnificent sport, and when I was told a herd had been seen not far from the Mission I hurriedly completed the baptism on which I was engaged and set out with my faithful bearer. After six hours' steady marching there was still no spoor, so I called a halt. Hardly had I done so when with a roar like an avalanche the largest lion I had ever killed ambled rapidly towards us. It was the work of a moment to drill it in the torso with the top barrel of the Mannlicher, but apart from a slight deepening of voice this grand weapon seemed to have made no impression. Still the lion came on. Mbwana deftly passed me the Lee-Enfield. Firing quickly but accurately I emptied the magazine into the advancing beast. Now it was growling terribly between its roars and spattering the jungle with its blood. Only a few yards separated us. In the excitement of the moment Mbwana made the only mistake I had ever known him make in the field, but it was a bad one—he handed me the little Winchester we reserved for monkeys. And it had only a single shot! The lion by this time had taken appalling punishment and was a shocking sight. As it was actually about to spring I fired, and the bullet, passing clean through its right eye-ball, lodged in the brain. I and my bearer fell on our knees, the lion having already done so. It was indeed a most memorable adventure!"

I made a mental note to ask Sister if the Canon had been thoroughly searched for small arms on admission, and I awaited Mr. Twilligott's contribution with sober confidence:

"What a nice idea! In these days when war hangs over us like a heavy curtain it becomes more and more

important every day to make the fullest use of our resources, wherever these may be. This applies more than to anything else to fish, for fish can be very unattractive if it is not dealt with in a proper manner. I think that the more ways we know of making fish tasty, the better. When I was a boy, in Cumberland, we had a special way of stewing fish, in a sauce made by squashing a handful of purplish-black berries. I have never seen this berry again, anywhere, though I have often searched for it in many parts of the world, so, unfortunately, I cannot give its name, but probably any purplish-black berry would do, except, of course, Deadly Nightshade. Curiously enough, I have never again seen the kind of fish which we cooked so successfully in the way I have described, but I remember it as squarish and flattish, with rather protuberant eyes, and blue semi-circles on the under-part of the tail. Perhaps one of you could tell me what it was? Anyway, I hope I have been of some help in these difficult days."

Surely he had. Next came a Mr. Saxmundham, who was said to have trouble with his breathing:

"There's a crooked young man of Tralee

Who eats nothing but pure Mand B.

When asked 'Is it wise?'

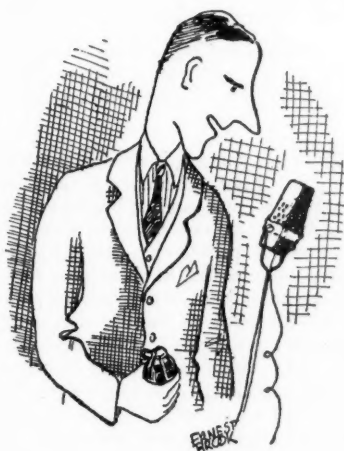
He just sucks, and replies

'I dunno, but I like it, you see.'

alternative

To the doctors he said

'Think up something instead,



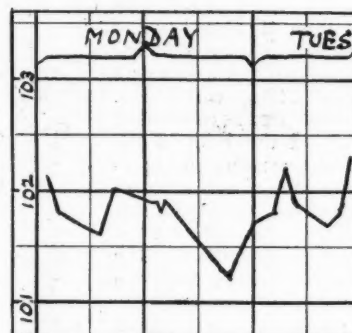
"And what you have to decide afterwards is which one was filled with T.N.T."

For I'm backing the favourite, you see.'

Author's Note: Which ending is better, do you think?"

That must depend on whether you're a doctor. But I liked Mr. Saxmundham for his uncertainty about his work. It is a trait which has distinguished many great artists. I am even that way myself.

Commander Loudwater, who came next, showed himself ingenious with—



—a somewhat uncharitable profile of Matron, if you turn it to the north. The penultimate cubicle was occupied by Flying Officer Diggle:

"I've fallen in a big way  
For Fay  
I've fallen for a girl in blue  
Who's true  
I've fallen for a girl whose eyes  
Are wise  
Whose ears  
Are dears  
Whose feet  
Are sweet  
Whose neck—  
Oh, heck!  
I've fallen for a girl in blue!"

As it took F/O Diggle three days of unremitting toil to compose this, and his temperature was rising steadily, Celandine wrested it from him. He claimed there were to have been eight such verses, all to be sung to a well-heated trumpet. As Celandine's other name was Fay, I decided to cut F/O Diggle right out of my life.

The last contribution, and in some ways the nicest, came from Mr. Bulliver, a dark horse:

"All the best and many of 'em, and may we all toast it soon together in a pint of wallop.—J. BULLIVER X."

The writing was Celandine's, but the mark and spirit were clearly Mr. Bulliver's. ERIC.

## At the Play

"PARISIENNE" (ST. JAMES')

"HI-DE-HI" (PALACE)

WHY have we had to wait so long to see HENRY BECQUE'S famous comedy, *La Parisienne*, in English? It was first acted as long ago as 1885 and it set the Seine on fire. But the Thames has until now remained unilluminated by its cynical blaze. Again, why so? One, because it requires a superb comédienne (Réjane has played it here in French), and two, because no one has apparently deemed it worth translating until Mr. ASHLEY DUKES came along and did the brilliant job which one may now appreciate in a short series of matinées at the St. James'.

This is one of the neatest plays ever written. The plot is so simple that one could write an adequate synopsis on an airgraph form. *Clotilde* has a husband and a lover. The lover is so well established that we mistake him in the first quarrelsome ten minutes for the husband himself. And then, by an extremely ingenious theatrical stroke, we are shown the true state of things. "Resist, *Clotilde*, resist!" exclaims *Lafont*, wildly jealous of a suspected second lover. "By remaining true to me you will remain worthy of admiration and honour. The day you deceive me —" "Take care!" cries *Clotilde*. "Here comes my husband!"

*Clotilde*, in the course of the comedy, cures *Lafont* of the only two faults in him that matter in her eyes. He does not like her husband, *du Mesnil*. That is unpardonable. It reflects upon her own good taste. Then again, he has this absurd jealousy, unlike her *du Mesnil*, who has not enough imagination to harbour so tiresome a feeling. Moreover his jealousy is the wrong sort, the more pestilential variety. She rather enjoys his lurking in doorways opposite her house to observe her comings and goings. But she fails to enjoy his curiosity about unopened letters. So she cures him—the play shows how. She sets up a second lover (presumably intended for a young Englishman,

since BECQUE calls him *Simpson*), contrives with a breath-taking piece of witty unscrupulousness to obtain an enormous business deal for *du Mesnil* from the young man's good offices, and then calmly gives him his congé and his bowler-hat. *Lafont*, meanwhile, has been restored to good French-loverly behaviour through sheer alarm. *Du Mesnil* is after all quite a likeable sort of fellow, for all his dullness, and his *Clotilde* is more than ever the bewitching enchantress since she came so near (as he imagines) to being lost to him for ever.



PLAYING THE POOR FISH

*Clotilde* . . . . . MISS SONIA DRESDER

*Lafont* . . . . . MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE

The plot, you see, is simplicity itself. But its ramifications are endless. BECQUE is profoundly interested in human nature, not at all in social or even moral problems. His three or four people in this his best play have a complication of character which is almost as great as though they were actual human beings. One can argue about *Clotilde*'s aims and motives exactly as though one knew her. At the end, for example, she has a vague remorse over her conduct—not towards her husband but towards her lover Number One. And this it is which reconciles them. The original *ménage à trois* then settles down once again in a style which is positively

sedate in its correctness. Then there is that astonishing conscience of hers. She had deceived *Lafont* with *Simpson*, but only to secure a rich appointment for *du Mesnil*. This keeps her conscience unscathed. There has not been, in any sense that matters, any guilt at all. The whole business might more fitly, in her mind, be called a virtuous achievement. She is positively patting her conscience on the head, so to speak, by the end of the play. *Lafont*'s characterization is hardly less marvelously subtle. And if *du Mesnil* seems comparatively shadowy, it is only

because his nature is comparatively simple. There is something positively Proustian in this combination of sureness and complexity in the creation of human character.

MISS SONIA DRESDER gives a strikingly good performance of *Clotilde* which will be an utterly brilliant one when she conquers a tendency to address some of her most characteristic remarks into the fichus and muffs she wears and carries so handsomely. Nine-tenths of the performance (which was all we could hear) is dazzling. Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE has not the quality of comical gravity which *Lafont* seems to demand. So he makes do with his natural melancholy gravity. He has produced with his wonted good sense and sensibility, and Mr. JOHN FOWLER has made a very handsome job of the sets and costumes, seeing to it that Miss DRESDER moves about and in them like a Manet portrait.

The show at the Palace, *Hi-de-Hi*, is poles apart in mood and purpose. It has great joviality, an unusually well-behaved orchestra, FLANAGAN and ALLEN who make some poorish material seem excellent, that truly great personage called Monsewer EDDIE GRAY, whose material is his own presence and dexterity, and Miss FLORENCE DESMOND impersonating an Eastern houri, Marie Lloyd, and some current actresses. Could Miss DESMOND impersonate Miss Dresdel in Ibsen or Becque? We should dearly love to see her try, since the rule with mimics is—the better the actress, the better the impersonation.

A. D.



## Batmen

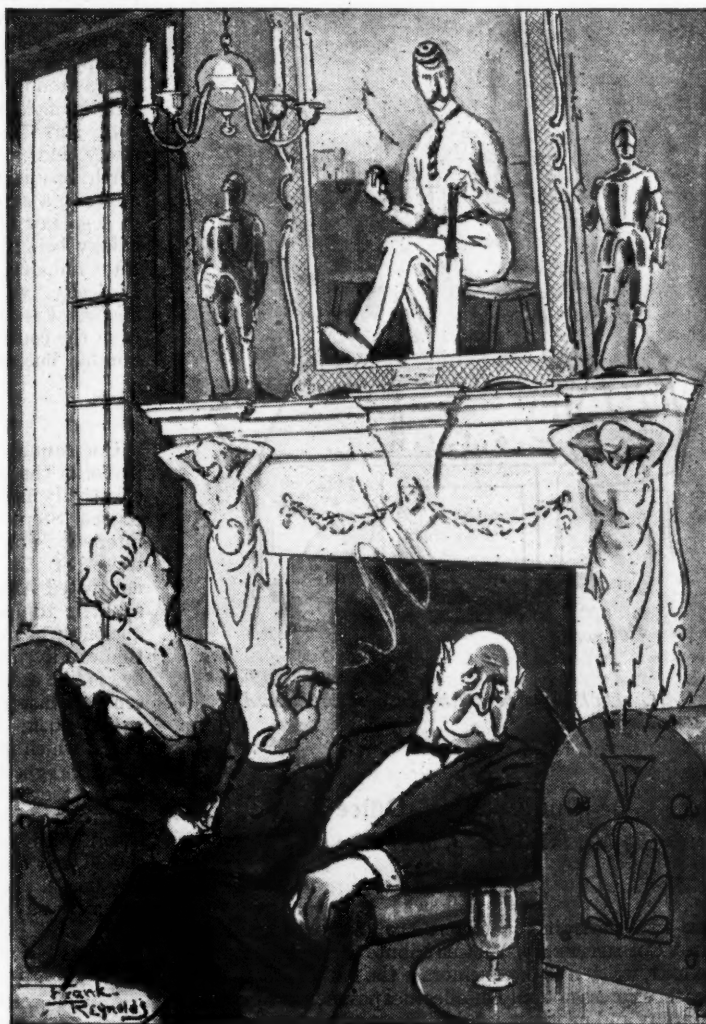
**I**N the days in England before the War Office decided that Sympton and I were needed to finish off the war in the Middle East, we only had a quarter-share in a batman named Rudgeford, whom we never saw, because the Captain, who had one of the other quarter-shares, had a mild sort of rheumatism. This would not have mattered if he had not discovered a cure that required hot water every half-hour, which naturally occupied the whole of Rudgeford's time.

Even when we were posted to 3062 East African Pioneer Company the position did not greatly improve. We started off grandly with a batman each, but after a few days the Sergeant-Major snatched them away and put them on guard in place of two men who had gone sick, and we never saw them again.

"Never mind," said the Major, "my man Politoli will help you out." Politoli is a tall grave man like a particularly ascetic bishop, and it was clear that he disapproved of us from the first. He had a contemptuous way of brushing Sympton's shoes that (Sympton said) made all his past life flash up in front of his face, so that he felt unworthy. So after a few days he took to getting up earlier and brushing his own shoes before Politoli arrived, and then dismissing him with a nervous laugh.

Personally I dispensed with Politoli's services for a different reason. I always smoke three cigarettes in bed in the morning, to gather strength to leap lightly out, and I always forget to put a packet by my bedside. So on the first morning of Politoli's term of office I naturally said "Sigari" to Politoli, "sigari" being Swahili for cigarettes. Of course, I expected him to find a whole packet in one of my pockets and hand it to me. Instead he selected one rather bent cigarette from the little pocket where my field-dressing ought to be, and handed it to me on a plate. He had the air of performing a distasteful and disgusting task.

The Major told me in confidence afterwards that this anti-nicotine attitude of Politoli's had almost cured him (the Major) of smoking. He had attempted in vain to get Politoli transferred to another company, and even dallied with the idea of sending him to prison for conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, but so far he had had no luck.



*"Doc. Wilbur for the Red Sox delivered the pay-off blow—  
which spelt curtains for the Dodgers——"*

Probably we would still have had Politoli if the Major had not heard that the Colonel was short of a batman. He immediately sent Politoli along with a strong recommendation.

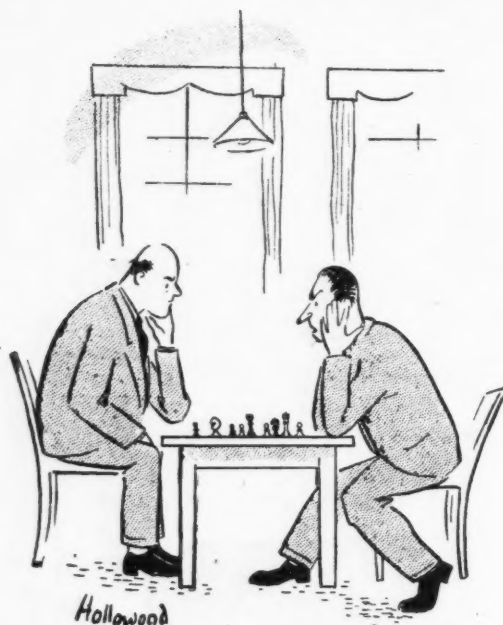
The Major secured the services of an excellent batman, and we would no doubt have shared in his good fortune if two new reinforcements had not happened to arrive from Base just at the critical moment. The Major gave one glance at them and then gave them to Sympton and myself as batmen, remarking that it was a curious thing that though quite a lot of good men went to Base, reinforcements from Base were always peculiar.

My batman, Wallalongo Goo, spends

most of the day lying on my bed smoking a particularly foul pipe, and I cannot tell him that I dislike it because he only speaks Labongo, his tribal language, and does not even know any Swahili.

Sympton's batman, Mark Joseph Korori, is quite a good worker, but he sings hymns steadily from 5 A.M. onwards, and when Sympton speaks to him he bursts into fits of hysterical laughter.

So we are trying to do a bit of Fifth-Column work to transfer the Major's new batman to the Colonel and get Politoli back. After all, as Sympton says, we can manage an occasional cigarette when he is not looking.



"Oughtn't we to be playing on a squared board or something?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Copernicus

THE two portraits of *Copernicus* (COPERNICUS CELEBRATION COMMITTEE, 10/-) in this tribute to him by Dr. JOSEF RUDNICKI, written to commemorate the fourth centenary of his death, express not only intellectual power, but also a profound irony and mistrust. A doctor, an administrator and a currency reformer, as well as a revolutionary in astronomical science, Copernicus does not appear to have retained many illusions about his fellow-inhabitants on the planet which he displaced from its position at the centre of creation, reducing it to one of a number of globes revolving round the sun. "What I know," he said, "the public does not approve, and what it approves I know to be error." Fearing trouble with the Church, he was in no hurry to pass on his conclusions to the world, but when he was nearly seventy an ardent young mathematician from Wittenberg, Joachim Retyk, sought him out and, having mastered his doctrine, communicated it to the European scholars of his acquaintance. After much importunity he persuaded Copernicus to hand over the exposition of his theory, which he took to Wittenberg, hoping to publish it there, under the patronage of Luther and Melanchthon. The new theory appealed to neither of these reformers, and Melanchthon, after a bitter reference to an astronomer who moved the earth and made the sun stand still, expressed a hope that wise magistrates would restrain such levity of talents. Rendered wary by this experience, Retyk went on to Nuremberg, where he found a publisher who perceived that, with a little doctoring, there would be a good sale for the book among the more

cultured members of the public. So it appeared with an anonymous preface in which its conclusions were presented as entirely hypothetical, without any foundation in fact. A copy reached Copernicus a few weeks before his death; he was too ill to examine it, and was satisfied to have lived long enough to touch it.

Sir ARTHUR EDDINGTON, in a preface to Dr. RUDNICKI's study, indicates how immensely the insignificance of the earth has increased since Copernicus. We are, it now appears, a satellite of a mediocre star, which is a member of a galaxy of some hundred thousand million stars, this galaxy being itself one of a system of galaxies numbering fifty millions, so far as our present information goes. Logically, we ought to be far more modest than our mediæval ancestors, but hitherto the effect of removing us from the centre of the stage has been to make us not more humble but more irresponsible.

H. K.

#### From a Poet's Eyrie

One cannot wonder that Mr. ROBERT FROST is part and parcel of the American literary scene—he is so simply and effectively national. Not, as a rule, national, like the much-missed Stephen Benét, on great patriotic themes; his interests—not his more subtle apprehension of them—are those of the typical cultivated American. Not the cultivated American of any particular day. Mr. FROST is as little topical as Emerson. He makes no pretence to ancients or modernity, though he insists that the imagination can live at the court of Charlemagne if it likes. "One age is like another for the soul." He has, however, a vivid sense of historical transition; and "The Gift Outright"—a fine poem—celebrates that imperious readjustment of vision which made colonials Americans. It ends with one of those gnomic "clinching" lines which are often so eloquent even when they are trite. One of the joys of *The Witness Tree* (CAPE, 5/-) is that, like *Romeo and Juliet*, it can be trite on occasion. Mr. FROST uses verse, as a poet should, not only for exaltations and agonies but for everyday needs. In his "lover's quarrel with the world" there are grave days and gay, but none listless or faint-hearted.

H. P. E.

#### A Golfer's Life

Anyone who has seen J. H. TAYLOR turn up his collar, pull his cap over his eyes, plant his feet like twin rocks on the ground and hit the ball right through a storm of wind and rain, knows that there never has lived and never can live a more resolute game-player. He was as resolute a boy as he is a man, and he had need to be, as may be seen from his autobiography (*Golf: My Life's Work*, by J. H. TAYLOR. CAPE, 12/6). He was one of a poor family of five children of a sick father at Westward Ho!, the Westward Ho! of Foxy and Rabbitseggs and Stalky and Co. He carried clubs at 6d. a round and his first master deducted 3d. for a lost ball. Then he was a boot-boy at 2/6 a week and his breakfast; then a garden boy; then a mason's labourer carrying bricks in a hod for ten and a half hours a day. He was rejected many times for the Army, ironically enough for bad sight, and then came what seemed a miracle: he was made an assistant green-keeper. Now his foot was on the ladder; soon he was going to the waste of sand that was Burnham, with a borrowed sovereign in his pocket, for his first professional job. Within two years he was taking out all the leading Scottish professionals at Prestwick and knocking them down like ninepins. He was not champion that year, a sudden collapse following a brilliant start, but 1894 at Sandwich found him steady as a rock, his only hazards his guide-flags, and he became the first English

professional to win the Open Championship. Since then he has won four more championships and been runner-up six times; he has become the unquestioned head of his profession; a leader of the P.G.A., which is in effect the professionals' trade union, and a power in the movement for public golf; but nothing has ever equalled again that first break-through, the first ecstasy of triumph at Sandwich. It is a stirring story of a man of character, one who strove and agonized, who took life and golf hard and seriously and brought both to a happy issue. There can be no better verdict than that of Andrew Kirkaldy after their first meeting: "By God, you're a guid gowfer." B. D.

### An Agricultural Classic

A farming expert so advanced that, though the pace is accelerating, we have not caught up with him yet, ROBERT H. ELLIOT was born in 1837 and, starting as a coffee-planter, came home to farm in Scotland during the greatest industrial boom ever known. By 1904 he was convinced that industrialism was doomed and that agriculture would end by being "the sole big industry." His research and experiment were therefore directed towards checking imports of food and fertilizers, reclaiming derelict land and arresting unemployment—towards which ends *The Clifton Park System of Farming* (FABER, 12/6) was mainly directed. ELLIOT's scheme is the germ of pioneer war-time practice; and Sir GEORGE STAPLEDON, introducing the reprint of his classic book, calls him "The Father of Ley Farming." ELLIOT, however, was that and more. A man of wide culture, vivid apprehension and tireless industry, he paid heavily for his ideals in both toil and cash; and he does not confine his sturdy and eloquent pen to recipes for the blending of grasses, vetches and deep-rooting plants like chicory, or to instructions on their use. India had taught him that "the ploughers are the lynch-pin of the world," and this text becomes a source of plenary inspiration both to himself and his readers. H. P. E.

### Sir Edward Denison Ross

These rambling but interesting and very pleasant reminiscences (*Both Ends of the Candle*. FABER, 21/-) were compiled when Sir EDWARD DENISON ROSS was approaching what, with an indifference to the niceties of his own language not uncommon in great linguists, he calls "the Biblical Rubicon of Old Age." His early years were the least agreeable in his life. "I must," he writes, "have been a mixture of ugly duckling and male Cinderella." At Marlborough he was placed in the lowest form and might, he believes, have remained there indefinitely, had it not been abolished. His backwardness, no doubt chiefly due to ill-health, was such that when he was seventeen a crammer pronounced him a hopeless case whom no amount of coaching would avail to get through the Cambridge Little-Go. This verdict had hardly been pronounced when his extraordinary faculty for languages began to show itself, and within a few years he knew not only the chief European languages but also Arabic and Persian. With his passion for languages went an equally strong love of travel, which an allowance from his mother enabled him to gratify, a zest for social life and an aptitude for affairs. He attributes to his late start the fact that he never became an exact scholar, but it would have required a very early start to confine so expansive a nature within the limits of a student's life.

From 1901, when he was thirty, till 1914 he was in India, where he saw a good deal of Lord Curzon, to whose great qualities and strange limitations he devotes perhaps

the most interesting chapter in his book. Appointed to a post in the British Museum, DENISON ROSS returned to England a few months before the outbreak of the last war, with the intention of devoting the rest of his life to Central Asian studies. But as the war developed, the Government began to feel the advisability of a centre for the study of Asiatic and African problems, a School of Oriental Studies was established, and DENISON ROSS became its first Director, a post which he held till shortly before his death in 1940. His chief happiness in his later life was in his marriage. When his wife died he wrote in his diary "I cannot realize that it is no longer possible to tell her anything," and he survived her only a few months. The rest of the world had become only acquaintances. In his account of Arnold Bennett's funeral he says "There were present many men of letters. Did anyone feel anything?" and even after the funeral of his brother, to whom in their youth he had been devoted, he wrote "I felt nothing." H. K.

### Our Animals

It is perhaps inevitable that books in the "Britain in Pictures" series, since they only run to about fifty heavily-illustrated pages and deal with the most far-reaching topics, should be a little on the superficial side. Dr. F. FRASER DARLING, who has written *Wild Life of Britain* (COLLINS, 4/6), a new volume in the series, has weighted the scales even more against himself by including in his terms of reference the great British naturalists and the question of wild life reserves, and the result is something less like a book than an article for newspaper publication—and a most interesting, lively and well-informed article that must fascinate every lover of animals. He writes of the interrelation between man and the creatures which share the soil of England with him, "making, maintaining, and breaking equilibria, battling and co-operating, acting consciously and unconsciously"; he gives the flora of the country and its geological formation their due places in the scheme of wild life—in fact his book is a delight, if not quite the same delight that its title might lead one to expect. The only blot on it is a squirrel on the wrapper with a tail such as never squirrel wore on sea or land—or in a poet's dream. B. E. S.



"How many times have I told you about wiping your feet?"

"Two hundred and seventeen. Why?"





*"George sends his best wishes for your birthday and his cooking-fat ration."*

## Influence

**I** GET my cigarettes from a shop which one would never expect to sell cigarettes. The window is filled with bottles of nameless bath-salts and boxes of nameless powder; hair-nets and cheap white combs are set out casually between soldiers' hats, money-belts, balls of string and rolls of coconut-matting.

When I called yesterday the girl came forward from the gloomy depths and peered at me inquiringly over her barricade of boots, biscuits and babies' bibs. "Oh, it's you," she said—"get out of it, you, sniffing around them boxes of cheese-straws. Cigarettes, is it?"

"Thank you, yes," I said. I was not disconcerted by her remark about the cheese-straws. The first time I ever went into the shop she had greeted me with "Will you take your great wet nose out of them gingerbreads? 'Ow many more times!" And on that

occasion I certainly had taken a step back. Now, I know that most of her conversation is addressed to a dog of the greyhound type which spends its days tethered on the other side of the counter.

"Lovely day," I said.

"Like summer, isn't it. Move over, you stubborn thing; you'll have me all me length one of these days. Seven shillings, please."

I was turning to go when a thought struck me.

"I suppose you haven't any razor-blades?"

She shook her head.

"Razors, all sorts. No blades. Tried Roberts's, next the Underground?"

I had not. If I remembered rightly Roberts's was a small linen-draper's. It had not occurred to me to try them.

"You go to Roberts's. Tell them I sent you. They'll fix you up all right

if you mention my name." I thanked her cordially, and she gave me as near a smile as she ever does, adding as she turned away, "You thieving 'ound, you; give it here. Oh, well, I suppose you'd better finish it now."

I left to the sound of muffled crunching.

Ready to employ any device in my quest for razor-blades, I was nevertheless rather uncertain as to the proper approach at Roberts's. The chief difficulty was that I did not know the name of the lady whose name I was to "mention." I would have liked to ask her, but had not known quite how to set about it. It was all rather difficult.

Inside the linen-draper's there were two ladies, buying things for ladies. I stood in the shadows observing the assistants and planning my campaign. Obviously I should have to wait for the shop to empty. The assistant

nearest to me was a small stout man with a celluloid collar and clip-on tie; the other was female, tall and gaunt. She had that bottled-up look that comes to women who are unable to speak their mind to other women. I decided that the man with the celluloid collar was my best bet. It was bad luck therefore that his colleague was the first to conclude a sale. After she had followed her late customer out with a look of searing animosity she bared a front tooth at me invitingly. I was at a loss.

"I—er—I'm in no hurry, thanks," I said helplessly, with a desperate glance at the other end of the counter, where the remaining customer was shaking her head doubtfully over a piece of pink ribbon.

"That's all right, sir," said the gaunt female—"what can I show you?"

It was no good. I advanced slowly. "Oh, er—have you—er—my wife—some handkerchiefs, please—ladies', you know."

"Certainly." She whipped a shallow box off a shelf. "One coupon for two; ladies' fancy, you would be wanting—"

"Oh, dear. Coupons. I'd quite forgotten. I—er—little surprise I'd planned, you know—forgot about the coupons. I'm afraid I haven't any coupons." I began to edge away. "Perhaps some other time—"

"I see," said she, putting the box back. I thought she gave me an odd look, but it might have been my imagination. "Well, nearly everything is coupons now, you know. Unless you'd like a nice table-runner, perhaps?"

I became quite enthusiastic about table-runners. I was just choosing my second when, out of the corner of my eye, I observed my fellow-customer depart. I had to act quickly, before the man in the celluloid collar went out of circulation again.

"Oh," I babbled—"on second thoughts I think one table-runner will be enough. Actually, we only have one table—well, only one that needs a runner, you know, and table-runners, after all—" Damn! I had made it too long. A shabby man in an old felt hat had beaten me to it. I thought like lightning. "Just a minute, though. I've remembered another table, after all. Don't know how I came to forget that—in the hall, you know. So perhaps I might..."

I don't know what I said after that. I was straining my ears for the conversation at the other end of the counter, for it occurred to me that the new customer was just as out of place

in Roberts's as I was. Could it be that he too had called for razor-blades? He looked as if he needed one, if not more. Would he (I sent up a prayer) mention the name that I was to mention—the magic name I did not know? I listened, and went on buying table-runners. Yes! A name had been mentioned—"Nellie." I frankly withdrew my attention from the gaunt female, and was able to observe a small parcel change hands. I at once devoted myself to a speedy termination of my deal in table-runners.

"Twenty-four and eightpence," said the female. I could feel her gaze in the back of my neck as I half-ran to the far end of the shop.

"Yes?" said the man behind the counter.

"Nellie sent me," I said, and suddenly went cold. Suppose I had got on the wrong track completely! Suppose this "Nellie" were the daughter of the man in the celluloid collar, sending a messenger to pick up some utterly non-razor-bladesome package! Supposing—well, the possibilities were a thousandfold. I raised myself on my toes, ready to run...

But what was this? The man behind the counter was favouring me with a prodigious wink.

"Five bob," he said, half-palming me the little parcel—"okay?"

"Okay," I said, and took my leave.

It had been a close shave, I felt—but wasn't that the whole object? I laughed a little at this pitiful private

joke, and realized that I was in rather a weak state. . . .

I went to get some more cigarettes this morning. An idea occurred to me while my influential friend was finding them for me.

"By the way," I said—"I suppose you wouldn't care for three rather nice table-runners to add to stock?" I handed them over. Table-runners are not a lot of use to a bachelor in furnished rooms. She ran them through her fingers.

"Give you fifteen bob. All right?"

"All right. Fine."

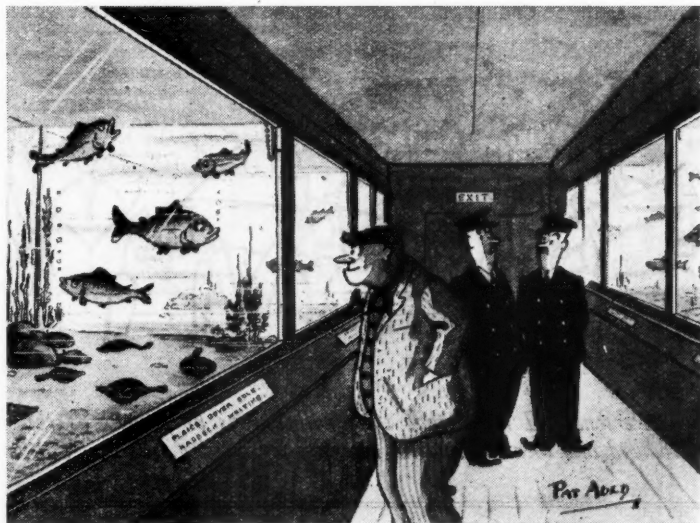
"Sixty fags. So if I give you eight bob..." She bent to the till. "You want a good whipping; that's what you want, getting your feet in all that starch-substitute. Here you are, then, five and two's seven and one's eight."

"Good," I said—"oh, and I suppose you wouldn't care to take this off my hands too while we're doing business?" I pushed the small package across, between a large open-work waste-paper basket and a tray of patent medicines. She undid it deftly.

"Sure," she said—"half-a-crown do you? You ought to be ashamed, getting yourself in such a mess. Now I've got your feet to wash, as if I hadn't enough to do."

"That'll do fine," I said.

It was fifty per cent. loss, but a gas-lighter isn't a lot of use to a bachelor in furnished rooms, especially when he's going to grow a long black inflammable beard.



"Watch him carefully, Fred—it looks suspiciously like smash-and-grab to me."

## Post-mortem

THERE was only old Taff left now. I had already sympathized with Tom, the skipper, Mr. Hodder and Rob. Payne, and each had contributed something to my mental and physical well-being. Old Taff was sipping his beer noisily but without enthusiasm.

Cricket is a peculiar game. The average player fails about ten times more often than he succeeds, and every failure is agonizing. Yet humanity (or at least the English portion of it) is well-fitted by nature for the unequal struggle. Cricket is played in three tenses—future, present and past. The present has no emotional significance. Whether triumphant or catastrophic it is purely a matter of conditioned reflexes. Improvisation and resource (in cricket) are devoid of the æsthetic emotion. The pleasures of the game lie, therefore, in the future and the past. The former is too conditional for perfect serenity of mind. No cricketer can live entirely on promise. The past would be wholly unbearable if it were not for man's genius for selection and rejection. It is the way of nature and book-keeping. Only the balance is carried down the arches of the years, and in cricket it is always a credit balance.

To any ordinary cricketer last season means last season's triumphs. It means eight (not out) against Modderleigh and twenty-seven (hit wkt. b. Olsen) against Sutton Appleby. It means three for seven against Cudlip, and an

amazing running catch at long-leg. It does not mean those three bad patches, one at the beginning, one in the middle and one at the end of the season, from which all ordinary cricketers suffer.

Those who have no deep knowledge of the game cannot understand why one triumph can obliterate the memory of scores of failures. They do not realize that a cricketing success opens the locker of a thousand delights. Last week I made nineteen (not out) against Cornbury Town. I went in at number seven, so that I saw five wickets fall. Now in success every batsman becomes magnanimous, and this fact, being well known, is a source of great comfort to his colleagues. Each of them is assured of a sympathetic hearing and an adequate corroboration of the theory that the ball that dismissed him so prematurely

- (1) would have bowled anybody
- (2) was a no-ball
- (3) hit something (a foreign body) on the pitch
- (4) was "going away"
- (5) broke twice and swerved late
- (6) would have gone over the top.

Such corroboration reduces a failure to a misfortune. The poor batsman becomes happy in his misery. This of course is the ideal explanation of the post-mortem. There is another, more practical. Every failing batsman knows that if his story of disaster is to gain credence throughout the week he must be "sure" of the other witness—

the batsman at the other end—and to achieve his purpose he is usually prepared to pay quite handsomely. . . .

Old Joe Taff looked up from the score-book, saw that I was now alone, drained his glass and came over to the bar.

"Well, Willie," he said, "what'll you have, eh?"

"Thanks very much," I said, "mine's a mild."

"Good knock of yours this afternoon," he said. "A very useful knock indeed."

"Thanks, Joe," I said; "a bit lucky, of course."

"Well," said Joe, "we're none of us much good without it, are we? Take the ball that got me, for instance. What did you make of her, Willie?"

"Let's see," I said, "Hewlett got you, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Joe, "caught behind."

"I was surprised," I said, "when he appealed. You were nothing near it."

Joe's face showed his relief.

"Course I wasn't," he said.

"I suppose the umpire was deceived by the click," I said. "What made it, Joe?"

"I dunno," said Joe, "unless it was the cycling-clips in my pocket."

"Most likely," I said.

"Still, it's a poor umpire that doesn't know the difference between cycling-clips and a genuine snick," said Joe.

Pantellaria and Joe's cycling-clips were the talk of the village throughout the week.



*"Personally I think that 1943 will always be famous as the year in which evening papers were first introduced into theatres, and the necessity for making silly conversation in the interval consequently abolished."*

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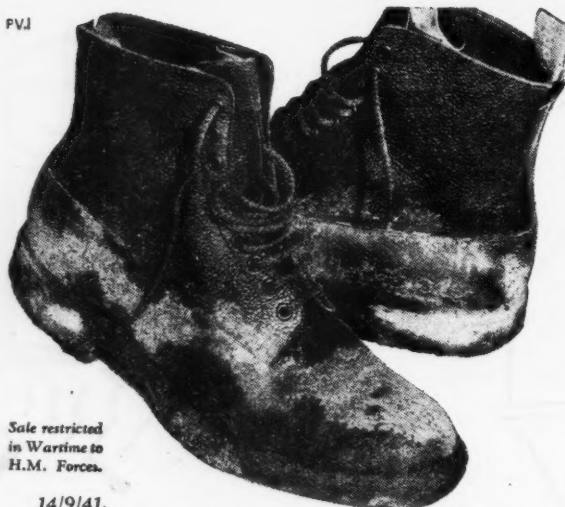
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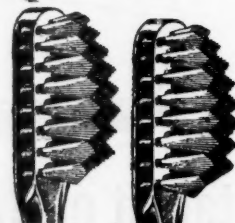
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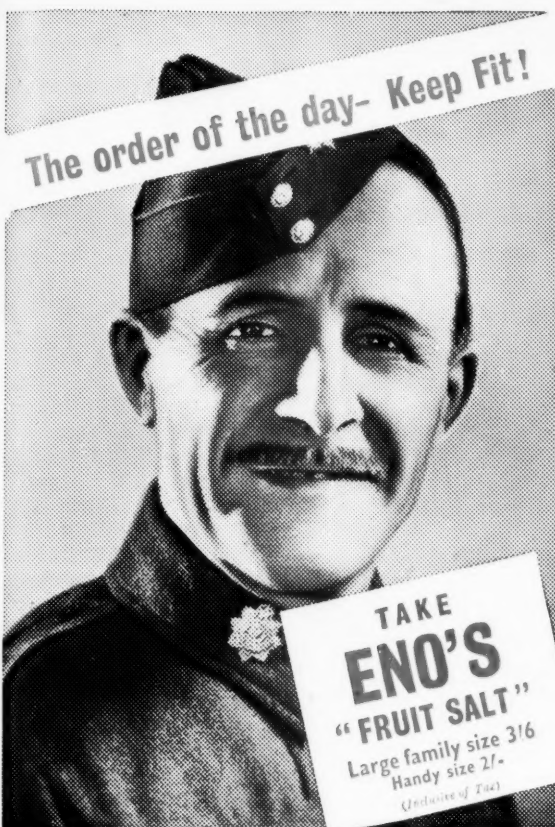
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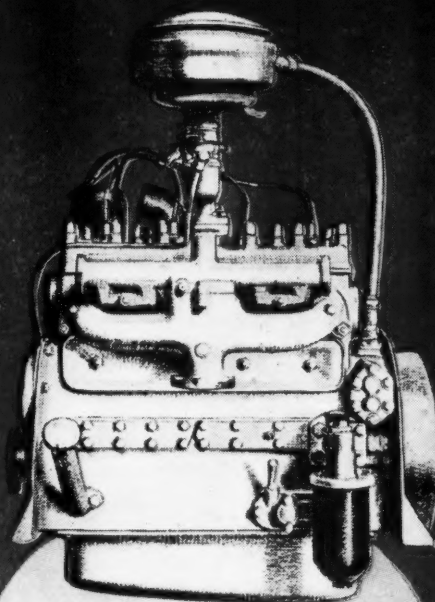
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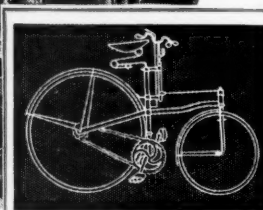
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